More a suffocating age

adjuring us to shine
acidic light
upon our youth

when we were foolish,
or stupid, or vain--
most unsound--

and, goodness,
made mistakes.

As if we lived to
please this critic
now. Absurd.

What you did was you,
striving and worthy

of love, even
from bluenoses.

*So weave a circle round*
*you thrice*

*for on honey-dew*
*you've fed and drunk the milk*
*of paradise.*